2 niggas down, 2 niggas run it
Call me snowman, 100 miles and gunning
Here come the paramedics!
It goes 1 for the money, 2 for the dough
All you got is 3 niggas kicking at your door
Here come the paramedics!
It goes 1 for the ghetto, 2 niggas run it
Call me snowman, 100 miles and gunning
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Here come the pain! I've got a name Ever since an adolescent I've been deep in the game All I need is more weed, a little something for the pain So good like a hook from T-Pain They say you're nobody til somebody kills you I say "go be somebody, even if it kills you..." They say "death smells like bad ass weave" Another watch, another chain: last thing a nigga needs I swear to God, a couple right by the night stand Clip my half a hundred, case another hundred grand And get some rest when your conscious keep waking ya The evil kicks in and them demons start shaking ya Every night, dude, I wake up in a cold sweat Get dressed and hit the club in a cold vest God damn, girl, you so sexy, cold shit But why they still riding to your old shit? Party by the beat, all still riding with ya Party by the big riders, still siding with ya Party by the real niggas still hustling to ya I know you're here in the day, ain't nothing to ya

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See us riding like some mobsters, with the trunk full of choppers Give a nigga a couple shots, and I ain't talking about vodka Hanging out the sunroof, Snowman driving Nigga live through these shots: Put his ass on Survivor! Fresh up at the trap, I ain't never been a rat Get cheese like a mouse, so I'm honest throwing stack Let you suckers make it rain, I'll make it Katrina And pile all them hoes in the back of my Beemer Hit the freeway, bumping "Ghetto Boys", with the V12 steaming Top down, in the rain, California dreaming I'd be lying if I said I still flip birds ... Well nigga I still flip birds! Word to the doors on this I'm sitting on Ain't a rapper alive me and Jeezy ain't shitting on Who else you know shit out Benjamins, and piss Patron? Put Michael Buffer between us, and let's get it on!

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(Hey Snowman, these niggas hustling backwards I'm a pull the K out, and turn em back around) Look, if I give you half a chicken, can you break that bitch down? Tell the truth, it's me nigga, ain't nobody else around Jeezy said it's a recession, so we hustling that Mayweather My the best pound for pound, like Mayweather Undisputed: I never lost a brick UPS, FedEx and duct tape to a bitch Put her ass on that greyhound Tell that ho to stay down Sleep the first 48, and wake up in the A-Town Give a fuck about a bitch Die for the paper, hustle relentless Nigga, I take the sky from a scraper The Gerber out a baby mouth, the fire out of Satan's house These rappers turned saints, we pull them fucking gauges out Black Tims kicking in the door, at your lady house He at the strip club, well fuck it, we gon wait it out You tipped him off, so now all the K's is out We shot him down from the neighbor's house

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